Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 634. Some defeats are worth more than victories. (4)

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"Then…."

Baek Cheon, who had been talking casually, turned his head to the side for an instant.

"Huh?"

Jo-Gol and Yoon Jong looked at him in wonder. But they couldn't ask what was going on right away. Because Baek Cheon's face was too serious.

'What's going on?'

"Sago?"

Then they heard Tang So-so's voice behind their backs.

Looking back, Yoo Iseol's eyes were also fixed on one side with a face similar to Baek Cheon's while Tang So-so is tilting her head with curious eyes.

'What are they looking at?'

The places Baek Cheon and Yoo Iseol looked at were the same. The Wudang camp beyond the stage.

"Chung Myung-ah."

"Hm."

Chung Myung scratched his cheek at Baek Cheon's urgent call. The corners of Chung Myung's mouth, which had been staring at Wudang camp with strange eyes for a moment, curled up as if twisted.

"This… It seems that a pretty big figure has come."

The aura he felt was different from before. Even without trying to display it, the presence that pressed down on him was clearly transmitted.

"Are they going to show it to us at least once?"

It was not a bad thing. At least from the perspective of Mount Hua Sect.

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Heo Gong's voice was incredibly cold. It was hard to believe that it was a voice directed towards his Sahyung and Sajil.

The first-class disciples (Mu Generation) could not be angry at the Elder Heo Gong just because they were told such a word. But Heo Sanja was not. His face was red with anger.

"This guy! What nonsense are you saying?"

A severe rebuke flew in, but Heo Gong's face didn't change at all. Rather, he replied nonchalantly.

"Haven't I told you, Sahyung?"

"……."

"While martial art may not be everything to a martial artist, it should never be lacking."

Heo Sanja bit his lips tightly.

Heo Sanja is not someone who will not know that those words are about him.

"You are being humiliated like this now due to generally neglecting your training and focusing only on useless affairs. What can the disciples see and learn from this?"

"Are you done talking?"

The tension-filled gazes of Heo Sanja intertwined with Heo Gong's relaxed gaze. It was Heo Gong's low laugh that broke the tension.

"You don't have to be so angry. Shouldn't Sahyung be grateful that I've devoted myself to learning martial arts?"

Heo Sanja bit his lower lip and clenched his fists tightly.

'This reckless bastard."

Wudang Elders are eccentric.

It may sound strange to say that the Taoist who practice the Tao are eccentric. But this was an undeniable, obvious fact.

Anything can become worse if it is excessive. The disposition of those who continue their ascetic practices in search of something of their own after following their strength all their lives is not gentle.

That's why even Wudang won't try to disturb the elders in general.

But Heo Gong was particularly eccentric among such Wudang elders.

Even though he was born with an exceptional talent for swordsmanship that no one could

deny, he was still shunned by his Sahyungs, so there was no need to explain how extreme his temper was.

"The Sect Leader must have given you an order! Why are you so late?"

"I'm not particularly late. I arrived a long time ago."

"Then why are you only coming now?"

"I was just watching."

"What?"

Heo Gong turned his head slightly and looked at the first-class disciples. All the first-class disciples facing Heo Gong's gaze lowered their heads as if they were ashamed and avoided his gaze.

"The sect just became as pathetic as I can imagine while I wasn't looking."

"…This guy….”

Heo Sanja gritted his teeth.

Although he had lumped it all together with the word ‘The sect’, Heo Sanja knew that it was a criticism towards him, who was more interested in external activities than in practicing martial arts, and, ultimately, Sect Leader, who encouraged such a trend.

"What right does a guy who only does what he wants to do while buried in the Heart Deep Valley have to say such things?"

Heo Gong raises his hand slightly.

It meant that he didn't want to argue about this topic.

"Don't get too excited. That's why I came here."

“…….”

"However."

Heo Gong turns his head and looks towards Mount Hua.

"I thought there might be something interesting since you went through the trouble of calling me, but it turns out it's just scaring the children of other sects...."

There was a hint of bitterness in his words.

"It’s a pity. It’s a pity. You've been doing this and that, saying it's necessary for the sake of the sect, but it seems things haven't worked out as well as you thought, Sahyung."

Heo Sanja's jaw clenched tightly.

He and Heo Dojin were in agreement that they should raise the reputation of the sect and spread its influence far and wide.

But not all Wudang Elders agree with the idea.

On the contrary, a larger number of Elders are suggesting that a Taoist should work hard to foster theirself and devote more time to learning martial arts. This was a long-standing conflict within the sect that had been brewing for some time.

If they were to begin discussing this issue again, the conversation would be endless.

"Heo Gong."

"Yes, Sahyung."

"I understand what you want to say. But now is not the time to have such conversation. You can't deny that you also can't allow our Wudang's sword to be placed below Mount Hua."

Heo Gong twisted his head with a cold face at Heo Sanja's words.

"At least…."

"……."

"As long as my neck is still attached, such a thing will not happen."

Heo Sanja nodded involuntarily at his words.

This is why Heo Dojin sent Heo Gong here. It is due to his disposition.

Other Elders of Wudang Sect would not even consider mingling with the young disciples of Mount Hua Sect, even if it meant preserving the dignity of their own sect.

However, Heo Gong is different.

He did not care about the sect's reputation being placed under Mount Hua, but he could not tolerate the idea that Wudang's sword was inferior to that of Mount Hua.

‘Regardless of his personality, his skills are undoubtedly impressive.’

Heo Gong is among the youngest of the Elders. The age difference with that Mu Jin is only ten years. But his skill is more than enough to outperform all his Sahyung.

- If only he can fix that arrogant and eccentric nature and have a little more tolerance, he might have been able to someday become Wudang's number one sword. He’s a person whose future got limited by himself.

This was Heo Dojin's assessment of Heo Gong.

Anyway, since such a person came, it would not be so difficult to at least show the power of Wudang to Mount Hua

Heo Gong also seemed to know his mission well and got straight to the point without wasting time.

"I don't want to waste time. I'll go right away."

"Wait."

Heo Gong narrowed his eyes at Heo Sanja's words and gave a disapproving look. But Heo Sanja cut it in a calm voice.

"The sparring match is not over yet. Even so, it's shameful for an Elder to go out and fight with these junior disciples."

"Shameful?"

Heo Gong snorted with disbelief, ignoring his own dignity.

"That's why you're being humiliated like this, you're fixated on such empty formality, Sahyung!"

"……."

"You've suffered enough humiliation, so why do you need to adhere to any more formalities here? Are you saying that it's embarrassing for an Elder to deal with second-class disciples, but it's okay for first-class disciples to do so?"

"……."

Heo Gong shook his head as Heo Sanja was speechless.

"Pathetic. Truly pathetic."

Heo Gong who muttered mockingly, soon looked at the first-class disciples and asked.

"What do you guys think?"

"……."

"What do you guys think about not being able to intimidate the second-class disciples of Mount Hua as a first-class disciple of Wudang?"

Hearing those words of subtle anger, the first-class disciples lowered their heads with a face of shame.

"Pathetic things."

There was a clear sneer on Heo Gong's lips.

“So, who will step in now? Who’s the next person to go play clown out there and win? Tell me.”

“…….”

"Hurry!"

The heads of the first-class disciples shrank further as Heo Gong raged.

"Mu Jin."

"…Yes, Elder-nim."

"Will you step in?"

Mu Jin could not readily answer.

He knew, too. Having two more of their first-class disciples step up and defeat the second-class disciples of Mount Hua won’t restore Wudang’s honor.

That might be even more disgraceful than defeat.

"I didn't pay enough attention to the etiquette of the sect to achieve my sword. I never imagined that disciples of Wudang would show such a pathetic appearance."

"…I'm sorry, Elder-nim."

"As soon as we return to Wudang, I will fix your rotten mental state first."

Heo Gong, who glanced at his disciples with cold eyes, turned away.

"If you want to play clown, do as you please. But I hope you don't make me wait too long."

Heo Sanja let out a groan at the words.

He had to leave visible results. Because that's why he came here.

But winning twice more here doesn't necessarily change the outcome significantly. Considering the morale that seldom rises, it might not be bad to drive a wedge into them at this point.

"Heo Gong."

"Yes."

"In exchange.… you have to properly crush them."

Heo Gong rolled up the corners of his mouth at Heo Sanja's request.

"You must have forgotten who I am, Sahyung."

It was truly an arrogant remark, but at this moment, it sounded more reliable than any other words in the world.

Heo Gong tapped his sword and stepped forward.

"I will let the young disciples of Mount Hua understand that it will take another hundred years for them to surpass Wudang."

Heo Sanja nodded and stepped back.

Mu Jin, who looked at Heo Gong's back as he slowly headed to the stage, opened his mouth with a stiff face.

"Elder-nim."

Heo Sanja looked at Mu Jin secretly and said as if he felt sorry for him.

"I'm sorry for you. I should have given you an opportunity to perform."

"I'm fine. But is it really okay for Elder Heo Gong to step up….?"

"Are you worried?"

"…To be honest, I am."

Even in Wudang, no one asks for instruction from Heo Gong.

It's not that he's weak. It's because he has a cruel and unsympathetic temperament that does not take into account the situation of the other person, unbecoming of a Taoist.

If it were a matter within Wudang, it could be handled somehow. But if the opponent is from another sect, problems could arise and persist.

"There's nothing to worry about."

"But……."

"Would the Sect Leader send Heo Gong here without thinking that far?"

Mu Jin shut his mouth.

Surely the Sect Leader must have thought the same thing. Still, if he sent Heo Gong despite that, then the intention is either one of the two.

It's either he's so certain of his control over Heo Gong to be so sure that he won't be able to use excessive force… that or…..

"Sometimes a beating is necessary for a child who runs rampant without knowing the

boundary.”

“…….”

"As an elder of the same Taoist Sect, it wouldn't be bad to take their peg once. It would be a good medicine for Mount Hua."

Heo Sanja chanted in a low voice.

But Mu Jin had to swallow a sigh inside.

‘Is this really for the sake of proper guidance?’

Or is it a violent, spasmodic backlash caused by fear of future generations rising up against them?

But he couldn't bear to ask. He had no choice but to look at Heo Gong, who was on the stage and eagerly hoped for it.

'Please...'

May there be no more disappointment in the sect.

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